Mar. My thanks ſweet Madame. Is the winde Weſterly that blowes?

Leon. South-weſt.

Mar. When I was borne, the winde was North.

Leon. Waſt ſo?

Mar, My father, as Nurſe ſaith, did neuer feare, but cryed good ſea-men to the ſaylers, galling his Kingly hands hailing ropes, and claſping to the Maſt, endured a ſea that almoſt burſt the decke.

Leen. When was this?

Mar. When I was borne, neuer was waues nor winde more violent, and from the ladder tackle, waſhes off a canuas clymer, ha, ſaith one, wilt out? and with a dropping induſtry they skip from ſterne to ſterne: the Boat-ſwaine whiſtles, and the Maſter calles and trebles their confuſion.

Leon. Come, ſay your prayers.

Mar. What meane you?

Leon. If you require a little ſpace for prayer, I grant it, pray, but be not tedious, for the Gods are quicke of eare, and I am ſworne to do my worke with haſte.

Mar. Why, will you kill me?

Leon. To ſatisfie my Lady.

Mar. Why would ſhe haue me kild now? as I can remember by my troth, I neuer did her hurt in all my life, I neuer ſpake bad word, nor did ill turne to any liuing creature: beleeue me now, I neuer kild a Mouſe, nor hurt a Flie: I trod vpon a worme once againſt my will, but I wept for it. How haue I offended, wherein my death might yeeld her any profite, or my life imply her any danger?

Leon. My Commiſſion is not to reaſon of the deed, but doo't.

Mar. You will not doo't for all the world, I hope: you are well fauoured, and your lookes fore-ſhew you haue a very gentle heart, I ſaw you lately when you caught hurt in parting two that fought: good-ſooth it ſhewd well in you, do ſo now, your Lady ſeekes my life, come you betweene, and ſaue poore me the weaker.

Leon. I am ſworne, and will diſpatch.

Enter

Enter Pirates.

Pirat 1. Hold villaine.

Pirat. 2. A prize, a prize.

Pirat 3. Halfe part mates, halfe part. Come lets haue her aboard ſodainly. *Exit.*

Enter Leonine.

Leon. Theſe roguing theeues ſerue the great Pyrate *Valdes*, and they haue ſeized *Marina*, let her goe, there's no hope ſhee will returne: Ile ſweare ſhee's dead, and throwne into the ſea, but Ile ſee further, perhaps they will but pleaſe themſelues vpon her, not carry her aboard, if ſhe remaine,
Whom they haue rauiſht, muſt by me be ſlaine. *Exit*

Enter the three Bands.

Pander. Boult.

Boult. Sir.

Pander. Search the market narrowly, *Metaline* is full of gallants, we loſt too much money this mart, by being too wenchleſſe.

Baud. We were neuer ſo much out of creatures, we haue but poore three, and they can do no more then they can do, & they with continuall action, are euen as good as rotten.

Pander. Therefore lets haue freſh ones what ere wee pay for them, if there be not a conſcience to be vſde in euery trade, wee ſhall neuer proſper.

Baud. Thou ſaiſt true, tis not our bringing vp of poore baſtards, as I thinke, I haue brought ſome eleuen.

Boult. I to eleuen, and brought them downe againe,
But ſhall I ſearch the market?

Baud. What elſe man? the ſtuffe we haue, a ſtrong winde will blow it to peeces, they are ſo pittifully ſodden.

Pander. Thou ſaiſt true, there's two vnwholeſome in conſcience, the poore *Tranſiluanian* is dead that lay with the little baggedge.

Boult. I, ſhe quickly poupt him, ſhee made him roaſt-meate